

WILL RAISE GINSENG

PROPOSED INDUSTRY OF TWO
YOUNG INDIANAPOLIS MEN.Few Persons Know that the Chinese,
as a Nation, Hold the Plant in
Great Veneration.

W. A. BATES'S GINSENG FARM

IT IS LOCATED IN ALLEGANY COUNTY,
NEW YORK.The Young Men Have Just Returned
from a Visit to His Farm to Se-
cure Information.

If the plans of two young Indianapolis men materialize an industry that will be entirely new to this part of the country will soon be started near this city—the raising of ginseng. One of the interested parties has just returned from a visit to the ginseng farm of W. A. Bates in Allegany county, New York, and is enthusiastic over what he terms the fascinating work of raising the curious plant which is held in such veneration by the Chinese. Mr. Bates is meeting with success in his peculiar occupation, and as he himself says that the climate of Indiana is favorable for the growing of ginseng his followers hope to "make a big thing" out of their new undertaking.

Not every one knows, Mr. Bates says, that the joys and sorrows of most Chinese men seem to rest upon the small wild root which they call ginseng—pronounced as if spelled "gen-shing"—and which is the basis of nearly every medicine that is made by the Chinese people. So great is the faith of the Mongolians in the medicinal value of this root that it is almost impossible to cure a Chinaman of any sort of disease if he knows that he has no ginseng in his medicine. He binds up his cut finger in a rag soaked with ginseng tea, he takes ginseng tea as a tonic, he takes it for headache and he insists upon taking it for any other real or imaginary sickness. He even believes firmly that it will renew youth, and no doubt feels that he might live a thousand years if he could only get enough ginseng into his system. The root used to grow wild in all parts of China, but of late years it has become so scarce that an imperial edict has been issued prohibiting its collection by the public, and all that is now gathered in the Chinese empire is imperial property and is sold by those that have the privilege of dealing in it at its weight in gold. In price it varies from \$10 to \$200 or \$300 an ounce, depending of course upon its quality. The American grown ginseng is not nearly so valuable, but at the same time those that are interested in its culture in this country are getting mighty good prices for their product, and it is surprising that more people do not take up the industry.

VALUE LIES IN REVERENCE.

Mr. Bates, who is an authority upon the subject, quite frankly admits that there is no real value in the plant beyond the reverence in which the Chinese hold it. They regard it, he says, with a superstitious admiration and have a particular fancy for certain forms of the roots. One of these is the "Manchurian" which is shaped like the shape of a human being. They will pay fabulous prices for these roots and will preserve them in glass cases. Mr. Bates believes that he has one of these especially sacred roots and is taking the best of care of it until he is ready to offer it for sale among the Chinese of New York city. Since the roots are new and yet so valuable to the Chinese the cultivated roots will have to take the place of the wild ones, though the wild roots are supposed to be the more desirable. These wild roots are to be found in various parts of New York State and in lesser quantities here in Indiana. Ginseng is not a pretty plant. It consists of a single stalk that shoots up to a distance of from eight to twenty-four inches, then four prongs sprout out, each of them ending in a bunch of five leaves; from the point of sprouting the plant stalk continues upward three or four inches and terminates in a close group of berries. There are from three to thirty berries on each stalk, and each berry contains two or three seeds. Ginseng does not produce the seed until it is two years old; each year after that, so far as Mr. Bates's experiments have progressed, it increases its productivity at the rate of about 100 per cent. a year. In the fall the stalk lies down but the root remains alive and puts forth again in the spring. Every three or four years the roots are covered with leaves.

There are a few other ginseng plantations in New York besides that of Mr. Bates, but as yet the raising of the plant is a very new business in the United States. The Indianapolis man had no trouble in finding the Bates ginseng farm by reason of the very peculiar structure visible from the road, an entire acre being roofed over with a fine lattice work. As the natural home of the plant is in the forests, artificial shade must be provided in this way, and Mr. Bates's place looks like a gigantic rustic summer house. The four sides of the acre are enclosed by a heavy board fence about six feet high, with three feet of wire netting stretched along the top, meeting the roof of lattice. In this manner the space inside gets plenty of air and the sunlight sifts in through the lattice covering just as it does through the leaves of the forest trees. The high fence, with the help of three bloodhounds which Mr. Bates keeps on the place, protect the valuable ginseng from thieves, who could get rich in a night by stealing some of the finest plants which have been raised with so much care.

THE LITTLE PLANTATION.

Upon entering the little plantation the visitor could easily imagine himself in the cool, shady woods. Before him, running the entire length of the place, were long rows three feet wide of low plants looking very much like young strawberry plants, with a narrow path running along between each row. Each of the rows contained plants at different stages of growth. There were the seedlings, which would take eight months to germinate, the year-old plants and the two-year-old plants, the latter bearing seed, which their owner sells at \$30 a pound. The roots of the plants will not be mature enough to be marketable until they have reached the age of five years, and when that time comes it is quite likely that Mr. Bates will find himself a comparatively rich man. When the roots are shipped as a drug they are dried and boxed with packages of quicklime to keep them very dry, and when the Chinese buy the roots he is very careful not to breathe upon them. When placed on sale after being dried the roots are from two to four inches long; they are hard and brittle and have a sweet taste that is at the same time slightly bitter.

The market for seeds is not among the ginseng consumers, but among those that wish to engage in the business. There is

not a doubt that Mr. Bates knew what he was about when he became one of the pioneers in this newest of all American farm industries, for now he is supplying the needs of others engaging in the same occupation. In one acre of ground 25,000 plants can easily be planted, allowing twelve inches space for each plant and a space eighteen inches wide between the beds for paths. It will be two years before any of the plants from these roots will bear seed. They will not be heavy bearers at once, but will increase steadily in productivity for at least eight years. The eighth year each of the plants should bear at least sixty seeds, or a total of 3,120,000 seeds. Even allowing for a loss of a third of the crop of seeds it will be seen that there will still be a surprising income, for each seed is worth at least five cents.

WORK IS EASY.

"The growing of ginseng is easy enough work when you understand how to go about it," Mr. Bates told his Indianapolis visitor. "The greatest expense attached to the industry is the building of the immense structure protecting the plants from possible thieves and at the same time affording the correct amount of sunlight. The soil should be a black muck kept rather wet at all times, and as this kind of earth attracts moles you must keep up an everlasting fight against these pesky little animals. It is the thieves that I fear most, however, as the great value of the roots is always likely to prove an irresistible temptation to some people. I have provided in every way that I can think of against robbers, and so far have not been molested. Between my burglar alarms, my firearms and my bloodhounds the thief that comes a-visiting my ginseng beds will have a mighty hard time of it. It is only during these summer months that the plantation requires so much of my attention. In winter the roof, which is in sections, is removed and is not placed in position again until the snow has melted for good and the plants have reappeared. It is my belief that ginseng will grow in any climate that is at all like that of New York State, and I see no reason why such an enterprise as mine should not be entirely successful in Indiana. The most remarkable part of the whole business is the fact that the plants are absolutely worthless except from the standpoint of the Chinese. I have never pretended that there is any value to be attached to ginseng, but you could as well get a Chinaman to cut off his queue as to make him believe that the drug is not miraculous in its healing properties. So I argue that, since the Chinese are determined to have their ginseng at any price, there can be no harm in supplying their wants."

A RURAL EXPEDIENT.

"It is risky business—this going into the country for summer board without knowing all about the place," said a lady at an impromptu meeting of the neighborhood club. "Rebecca and I had a very unpleasant experience once. We went eight or ten miles in the country, having secured board by answering an advertisement—no, through a chance meeting with a farm wagon on the street, I remember. The farmhouse was a picturesque old dwelling with low ceilings, ragged cupboards, vine-washed porches, windmill-well, beautiful woodland and meadows near at hand for our rambles, but there was not a modern convenience on the farm—no fly screens, no hammocks, not even lice nor a cellar—the people cooked milk and butter by hanging it down in the well. The farmer's wife made butter to sell, so she wouldn't let us have any cream, and she sold nearly all her fruit to a huckster who came to the gate every day, so we really suffered for country luxuries in the beautiful heart of the country."

"But the flies! The only peace we had from them was after dark, and then the mosquitoes ate us. Where there is a will there is a way, however, and in the afternoon at our seats—and at night Becky and I rolled up in the cheap Nottingham lace curtains which hung over the green shades at the windows in our bedroom. They were so heavy that they were practically indestructible, and it was 'the only way.'"

"We managed to struggle through a week without cream, without fruit and sleeping smothered in lace curtains; then we were suddenly called home by letter, and left the mosquitoes and flies to find new victims."

A Gypsy Song.

O the night is good, and the wind is low
And the minstrel's tune rings clear,
And the troubadours are a merry clan
With never a foe to fear;
For we laugh by day, and we love by night,
And we spin our tales by the campfire light,
In the glow of its simple cheer.

O we sing and jingle our tambourines,
And fiddle and pipe and dance;
Thus we earn our glorious sympathy
And your copper coin, perchance.
But for us no hapless winds can blow
While the heart is glad and the spirits glow,
And the lips of a maid entrance.

O we envy you not your narrow street,
Nor your roof so low and small;
Nor covet the gate that swings between
Your own and your neighbors' wall.
Whom we meet on the road our neighbors are,
And gypsies are comrades, or near or far,
And gypsies are the home of all.

Then, for the wandering minstrel tribe,
For pipe and fute and song!
There's a place in my hand for yours, good friend,
That will give you sure and strong.

For the open stretches broad and free,
And the road is wide as a road can be,
There's a place in my hand for yours, good friend,
That will give you sure and strong.

JESSIE ST. JOHN.

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WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING

VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS IN A CITY OF
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND.Indianapolis Has Reached that Mark
and Has the Usual Quota of
Unique Enterprises.

When the population of a city reaches the 200,000 mark—and it seems to be the prevailing opinion that Indianapolis belongs in this class—various peculiar occupations that are outside of the beaten path of recognized vocations spring up among its inhabitants. In these strenuous times every opportunity for money-getting is sure to be seized upon by some far-seeing individual, no matter how unusual the employment may be. Indianapolis has a number of workers whose daily pursuits might be somewhat hard to define when it came to an interview with the inquisitive city directory man.

For instance, there is the colored man, "Jerry"—he is known by no other name—that makes a business of supplying the superstitious with "charms," "mascots" and "fetiches." The latter warranted to keep off all devils and hoodoos. Jerry lives far out on Indiana avenue, near Fall creek. When he is not actively engaged in the business of "fetichism" he is usually to be found fishing along the banks of the creek or the canal, and he has even been known to put aside his pride long enough to sell bait to other fishermen when trade in magic charms happened to be dull. For Jerry is as expert in catching "craw-dads" and finding grubworms as he is in seeking out the hiding places of wonder-workers. Most of Jerry's hoodoo exterminators are sold to people of his own race, but there are many well-known white players in Indianapolis possessing mascots originally brought to light by the little black man. Just where Jerry gets all of his rabbits' feet (left hind ones, always) is a mystery, for rabbits are a scarcity about this city nowadays, but he manages to fill all orders, nevertheless. His business is not confined to rabbits' feet by any means, however, although these charms have always been the most popular of all. It seems incredible that he can actually make any money out of such things as curiously shaped stones that have no value aside from their supposed magic properties, crooked and misshapen coins, or even old-looking buckeyes and roots. But he finds a market for most of his wares, and at one time he did a good business in hard, dried-up potatoes.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS.

Perhaps the young woman that makes a specialty of supplying a down-town manufacturing jeweler with four-leaf clovers could object to being placed in the same class with Jerry, but at the same time she is just as dependent as the little colored man upon the superstitions of the good Indianapolis citizens. There is always a demand for watch charms, breast pins and other little articles of jewelry containing pressed four-leaf clovers and, although one can hardly make a living at that sort of thing in a city of this size, still the manufacturing jeweler is usually willing to buy the pretty little mascot if they chance to be making the kind of trinket in which the clovers are used. The great firm of Tiffany, in New York, has always made a special feature of jeweled clovers and the people that furnish the little green leaves receive quite a good income.

The "cookie girl" from Brightwood is becoming a well-known weekly visitor among many families in the north part of town. Her trade has been growing steadily since she first introduced her wares, about three years ago, and now she is in such demand that she is thinking of taking a partner into the business. She journeys into the city proper regularly every Saturday morning on a Brightwood car with a tremendous basket, almost as big as herself, loaded down with delicious little round cakes like your mother used to make. The cookies smell so good that the passengers on the car are almost overcome with hunger by the time they get into the city, and most of them would be willing to buy out the entire stock of the little vendor there and there. But the cookies are already sold, she tells her would-be customers, with a proud little smile, and she can't spare even one of 'em. She and her mother "pitch in every Friday and make up a whole lot," she explains, and then she sets out early the next day to go her rounds. The cakes are so much better than any to be purchased at the bakeries that she has had no trouble in disposing of them from the first, and the difficulty now is to supply the demand.

TAFKY AND BROWN BREAD.

Then there are the "taffy-candy boy" and the "brown-bread woman." Both are poor and deserving of patronage, not only on account of their poverty, but because of the excellence of their wares. The taffy-candy sold by the little bare-footed fellow, who, like the "cookie girl" makes his rounds only on Saturdays, is of the good home-made variety with that peculiarly satisfying taste about it that is not to be found in any store candy ever manufactured since the world began. The boy's mother makes the candy on Friday nights, and though the little chap had a hard time at first in securing customers, he now has an established route, and his patrons would be just as willing to do without their Sunday papers as to do without their "Sunday taffy." As for the brown-bread woman, she is an old-timer,

and is too well known to require much mention. She was first recommended by Joe Taggart, the baker, who was kind and considerate enough to acknowledge that he could not possibly offer his patrons such perfect brown bread of the true Boston kind as was to be had from the poor little woman far out on East Washington street. Mr. Taggart thought so well of this particular brown bread that he did everything in his power to help the brown-bread woman along, and was instrumental in securing for her a regular patronage that meant a living for her—all that she asked.

Perhaps the most peculiar of occupations is that of the professional "finder." There may be numerous professional finders in Indianapolis, but the only one that has attracted attention so far is the boy under the bleachers at the baseball park. "Why, that fellow makes from 20 to 30 cents every afternoon when there is any sort of crowd out here," declared Reuben Glue, the peanut seller, the other day. "During the Fourth of July afternoon game and again on the Saturday afternoon when the Louisville club played a 'double-header' here that boy found enough nickels and dimes to pay his way on two Sunday excursions to Cincinnati. There were great crowds present on those two occasions, and the bleachers were packed. You see, the peanut, popcorn and soda sellers are unable to walk about among the spectators when every available seat is taken, and we are obliged to toss our goods up to our customers from the foot of the stands, and our customers have to toss their money down to us. Many nickels and silver pieces fall short of their mark and drop between the seats to the ground under the bleachers. That boy underneath has eyes like an eagle, and it's mighty seldom that one of those stray coins gets away from him."

THE "APRON MAN."

The "apron man" is an interesting character. He is known in all parts of the city and has built up quite a good trade. He was at one time a very prosperous business man in the East, but suffered a reverse of fortune and met with a series of trials and hardships in a business way. His daughter makes the aprons which he sells—good, strong gingham aprons of the kind that all housekeepers appreciate. He offers two patterns for sale, the usual kitchen apron that is tied around the waist and the "Tilly" apron that extends up over the bodice. He never urges anybody to purchase his wares; he never goes to the front door of a house, but always presents himself at the kitchen entrance; he is modest and retiring in disposition, and in fact is as different from the average peddler as can possibly be. And everybody likes the "apron man," and if a housekeeper once buys an apron of him she is usually ready for another one when he comes around again.

TO BRING UP CHILDREN

LEO TOLSTOJ PLACES PARENTAL
EXAMPLE ABOVE ALL ELSE.

He offers this Essay as the Fruit of
His Thoughts During His
Long Illness.

During the many days and nights of my long illness I gave much thought to the question of what is the proper way to bring up children, and came to the conclusion that it is a most difficult and intricate matter if a man or woman tries to educate boys and girls without first having educated himself or herself.

The moment we understand that self-education must precede all and every attempt to educate others, the question of how to bring up children makes way for this: "How can I lead a life worthy of myself?" As stated, I gave this matter much thought while in the shadow of eternity, as the doctors had it, and my judgment is that every single act of education presupposes self-education, that without the latter education of others is an impossibility and an empty waste of time.

How shall we bring up children, feed them, teach them, clothe them, put them to bed? As we bring up ourselves, with proper moderation to fit the individual case, of course. Parents and children should have the same food, the same books, the same hours for sleeping and rising.

If father and mother will set a good example by the moderate use of food and drink, if their clothes are in harmony with their means and surroundings, if the parents are cleanly, laborious, simple and eager for self-improvement their children will resemble them, and moderation and simplicity will be the keynote of the little ones' lives.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Here is my advice to parents: Let your children see that you are trying to improve your conduct and habits all the time; that, without compulsion you continue to educate your mind. Secondly, never have a secret before your children; let nothing in your own life admit of misconception by your children.

It is far better that the children know their parents are naturally sensible, than to suspect them of leading a double life, one to impress them (the children), the other to suit themselves (the parents).

That parents refuse to make good their faults, and, indeed, refuse to admit such faults, while readily recognizing and punishing their children's shortcomings causes most of the difficulties and disappointments of which fathers and mothers and educators in general complain. For that reason many parents wage a petty, nagging war against their own flesh and blood. As I take it, most children are morally superior to most grown-ups; without indicating it, sometimes even without knowing it themselves, they do not only recognize their parents' faults in general but likewise their worst faults—hypocrisy. And thus it comes to pass that so many children lose all respect for their parents and pay no attention to their exhortations and directions.

The most common cause of educational failures is the parents' hypocrisy; children, who are naturally sensible, do wrongdoings soon become aware of this fault, turn from their parents, and, without moral support as they are, go to the bad. Now, to be at liberty to unroll before our children's eyes our entire life, we have to turn over a new leaf, or, at least, mend our ways. That's why I said that self-education must always precede every and any attempt to educate others.

PARENTS' HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE.

The influence father and mother have upon the heart, or nature, of sons and daughters—that is education. The influence should be exerted by a sort of hypnotic suggestion; the good example itself should command emulation—and will.

A child intuitively perceives whether his parent is given to anger and passionate outbursts, whether he has an inclination for insulting people, for overburdening servants, for laziness, amusement-seeking, pride, avarice, for thinking and speaking ill of others. Your little boy or girl knows full well whether or not you have proper respect for the truth, whether you feign piety or believe in what you preach. If you

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ESTABLISHED 1853

SOLE AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS

INDIANA'S GREATEST DRY GOODS EMPORIUM

Post Office Station 13, East Aisle. Stamps, Money Orders, Etc.

Midsummer Sale Hosiery

This Hosiery Sale is one of the events of the season—it means the opportunity of the summer to secure light-weight hosiery at about half usual prices. For the second day's selling we offer 75,000 pairs of men's half hose and women's stockings secured from one of the largest importers in this country, all in the season's latest styles and colors at unusual price concessions—note the great values:

Men's Half Hose, 30 dozen in all, plain black, black with all-white or half-white feet, fancy stripes, extracts and embroidered; 25c or 25c kinds, in this sale, a pair..... 15c

Women's Cotton Hose, 150 dozen; all the season's popular styles in black, fancy extracts, stripes and plain colors—Richelle and other styles; actual 50c value; choice, a pair..... 15c

Women's Hermsdorf Black Cotton Hose, 25 dozen; all-white and half-white feet; in the sale 17c special, a pair..... 17c

Women's Fancy Cotton Stripe and Embroidered Stockings; an almost endless variety of styles, the season's 25c and 30c kinds, in one lot; choice this sale, a pair..... 25c

Women's Lisle Hose, 75 dozen in black and plain colors; regular 50c kinds, in the sale, a pair..... 29c

Women's Plain Black Lace Lisle Panty Hose, 25 dozen; Lisle Hosiery, vertical and foot patterns, silk embroidered; in fact all the season's best 50c kinds, this sale, a pair..... 35c

Women's Silk Plated Lace Hose, fast black and plain blues, pinks, whites, modes and other colors; 75c kinds this sale, a pair..... 49c

—East Aisle.

Dress Skirts at Half

There's a small lot of women's silk taffeta and peau de soie dress skirts that we want to close out. Many of them marked as high as \$25, but in order to clear up the lot we say for Monday choice at half price.

The Roosevelt Coffee Coats are the latest and most stylish coat this season and are selling this week at—

\$6.50 to \$12.00

—Second Floor.

LITTLE-PRICED WASH GOODS

Printed Lawns, 100 pieces in white grounds with pretty figures and stripes in all colors, 8c value, special, a 3 1/2c yard..... 3 1/2c

Dimities and Lawns, 150 yards in light and dark colors, were 5c 10c and 12 1/2c, now, a yard..... 5c

Madras Gingshams, in fancy stripes and checks, new patterns, were 6 1/2c, now, a yard..... 6 1/2c

Batiste and Dotted Swiss Muslins, 60 pieces in both neat and decorative patterns; were 15c, now a yard..... 9c

Eclipse Flannels, our new line now on hand, 20 styles, shown at a yard..... 15c

Fine Batiste, 30 inches wide, in black and light blue, dark blue, pink and red, with all styles of borders; 15c value, now, a yard..... 12 1/2c

Half-width Challis, about 20 styles in good patterns; were 35c, to 21c close at a yard..... 21c

—East and West Aisles.

SHEET MUSIC

Just Next Door..... CHOICE

Life Ain't Worth Living When You're Broke..... 19c

Lilly or the Rose.....

Signal from Mars.....

Rochester Waltzes.....

—South Balcony.

are false at heart, your child knows it, feels it instinctively. On the other hand, he recognizes likewise your good points, charity, diligence, temperance, devotion, etc., and every single action of yours, good or bad, influences your son or daughter a hundred times more than the most eloquent and reasonable arguments that could possibly be advanced. Good examples make up the whole process of education, or 99 per cent. of it.

Thus, a beloved child's welfare demands what the inner voice of man has asked of him time and again. What we wouldn't do for our own sake, the interest of our little ones compels us to do.

We usually ask too much, or too little, of our children. Every child cannot learn everything that every other child masters; nor will all children develop into moral examples. But one thing is certain: For a bad father or a wicked mother it is well-nigh impossible to bring up children properly, for, as pointed out, education must ground on the educator's self-improvement, that self-improvement in which the children indirectly take no small part.

If it is ridiculous when persons who habitually eat, drink and smoke too much, who spend their days in idleness and their nights in revelry—if it is ridiculous for them to ask a physician to keep them in good health, or restore their one-time vigor, it is ten times more ridiculous if persons, themselves immoral, demand good behavior, a charitable, diligent and temperate life of their children. Know thyself, cleanse thy inner self, recognize thy faults and rise superior to them, then have

a child and make him what you ought to have been when you started in life.

KNOWLEDGE AND EDUCATION.

One-half of the scientific education disseminated in public schools and high schools nowadays is fraud and wickedness. The less a child knows of this half the more his character, his heart and soul profit. At the same time any child having any special talent for any special thing will develop that talent, school wisdom or no school wisdom. Always remember that man is born to be somebody, to assert his individuality, while modern education eradicates individuality. Yesterday as I was lying on my sick bed they were talking about a bad boy, so called, who had been dismissed from school and "ought to be sent to a reformatory. This 'ought to' put me in mind of the drunkard and glutton who told the doctor that he 'ought to' make him well. The worshiper of the belly god never reflected that his illness was the result of his unhygienic life and a hint for him to stop and reform.

So it is with the social ills of our days. Every criminal, that is, every sick member of society, should demonstrate to us the lesson that there is something radically wrong with our social order, our laws and the division of property. Instead we assume that there ought to be an institution for every man, woman or child who is in the way, who directly or indirectly hinders in the full enjoyment of our special privileges. "To the reform school with him" is the cry of unsuccessful, because morally deficient, educators when one of their boy victims becomes troublesome. If

these boy victims grow up they are sent to prison or an asylum. The more unhealthy society the more numerous the institutions for the cure of symptoms and the less inclination for social reform. This has stood between social injustice and real progress from time immemorial.

RICH PARENTS AND IDLENESS.

It is horrible to observe what rich people make out of their children. While still young, passionate and inexperienced, the boys and girls of the upper ten thousand are brought into contact with vicious lives, with untenable conditions and in these they grow up until they consider them natural. The result? They can live only because others work for them. Without other people's work they would starve. Boys and girls so brought up might as well be legless and armless; they are destined by their parents either to be martyrs, or liars, all their life.

Again, parents overload their children with conventional work; no child should be forced to work unless there is absolute need of it at the given moment. If I had to choose between stocking a barren continent with angels (who are useless), the offspring of the upper ten thousand, or children of poor, but honest parents, I would select the last as the nucleus for an ideal race.

I repeat: the personal example set by the educator is the most telling and best educational measure, preaching, arguments are usually more or less barren of result. Besides, the life of a good man or conscientious woman is a splendid argument in itself for it teaches others how to live well.

In short, to bring up children properly, live a just, honest and unpretentious life, tell the truth and, above all, avoid hypocrisy.

LEO TOLSTOJ.

Black Dress Fabrics—Continued

Canvas Etamine, 48 inches wide, 85c at a yard..... 85c

Striped Mistral Etamine, 48 inches wide, at a yard..... 89c

Prestley's Mohair Etamine, 44 inches wide, at a yard..... \$1.00

Hopack Etamine, large design, 50 inches wide, at a yard..... \$1.25

Peblled Etamine, open mesh, 44 inches wide, at a yard..... \$1.75

—West Aisle.

NEW BASEMENT BARGAINS

Wooden and Willow Ware Reduced.

Large three-hoop Wood Tubs 59c at a yard..... 59c

Clothes Pins 35 for..... 1c

Challenge Clothes Wringers, 95c with 10-inch rolls..... 95c

Ideal folding Ironing Board and stand, special..... 49c

Udell folding Diamond Clothes Bars now..... 59c

Harford folding Tub Bench, \$1.19 were \$1.50 and wringer..... 35c

Large Oval Rattan Clothes Baskets, were 75c, now..... 35c

Willow Clothes Hampers, round style, now..... 79c

Indian Hampers, fancy styles, beautiful colors and may be washed, each..... \$2.98

Folding Tables, oak finish, 69c were \$1.00.....